YANKIES WAR HOOP,

OR

LORD NORTH's TE DEUM

FOR

The Victorious Defeat at Boston.

"If my Brother, King George, will come
"—I will give him a talk—I'll not take up
"the Hatchet in a family Quarrel."

Attakullakulla's Speech to the King's Agents.

WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN.

LONDON:

LORD NORTH's TE DEUM.

WHEN white-headed Chads firſt arriv'd off the White,
He kept his ſea-dog on the waves out of ſpite;
Becauſe that his news were ſo good and ſo great,
He wou'd not entertain both the land and the fleet:
So he order'd his veſſel to ſtand out to ſea,
While he came up to town with Miſs Ray to drink tea.
The captain, brave fellow, rode poſt croſs the iſle,
Nor ventur'd at Goſport to drop a ſweet ſmile:
For ſailors when bringing diſpatches of ſtrife,
Wont pauſe to ſalute the red lip of a wife:
They're ſo ſtanch and ſo true to their country and King,
That the charms of a lady can't make them flag wing;
Had Orpheus of yore been a tar—his fair belle,
He had ſought from the confines and regions of HELL.
For ſailors, whenever the wind's foul, may tack,
But you'll ne'er find them curious enough to look back;
For whether it leads or to friends, or to foes,
Jack chaws his tobacco, and follows his noſe.
But now to the captain—who ſafe in port,
He comes with diſpatches to Lord North at court:
All the way on the road he declar'd his bad news,
'Till the peaſants of Hampſhire piſs'd all in their ſhoes,
A defeat! a defeat! was the whole that he ſaid,
Then ſhook the ſhort hyacinth locks of his head.

But

But when he had gain'd the high Admiralty-houſe,
All the ſ lks look'd aſkew—and as mum as a mouſe:
Yet they threw up their caps—and all victory cry'd;
Which alas! plainly prov'd they were mad—or
they l ed:
But virtuous Lord Sandwich, ſo chaſte and ſo good,
Wept ſorely to joy—while Miſs R—y was let blood.
His captains, Lord bleſs 'em! a kind ſet of men,
Repeated the vict'ry—again—and again:
So what Gage calls defeat juſt acroſs the Atlantic,
We chriſten a conqueſt, which ſhows we are frantic.
This news helter ſkelter was gallop'd to Kew,
And the captain was brought—that the tale might
be true.
The worthy old man ſhook his head at the ſtory,
Tho' by all he was order'd a conqueſt to roar-e.
A conqueſt! a conqueſt!—the hirelings all cried,
A conqueſt! a conqueſt! each office replied:
And next to confirm all they ſaid to be good,
They printed and publiſh'd a Gazette of blood.
Wherein it appear'd, "on the 17th of June
An action was fought between ev'ning and noon;
Put for fear of affecting the nerves of the ille,
That the letter might come too correct in its ſtyle,
The gen'ral delay'd it eight days—for what hero
Would tell in laſt language the glories of Nero?
Beſides, that old proverb he gave a rebuff,
Which tells us—ill news always come faſt enough:
But damn me, ſays he, here old rumour ſha'n't feaſt,
For eight days I'll delay the old proverb at leaſt:
And altho' ſome pert blockheads may wink, laugh,
and ſmile,
There's certainly conduct in this all the while.
Now Pruſſia (whom no one allows is a ſoldier,
Tho' the fellow hath fought, hath been beat, and

He keeps his poſtillions—all mounted and booted,
That when he has done may be inſtantly bruited:
But then all his actions are fury and rage,
He wants that deliberate coolneſs of Gage.
There's Putnam, that thing at the head of the rebels,
Whom women might beat with ſhort ſticks and hard pebbles,
A fellow that's ſcalp'd, with nine hairs on a ſide;
While a head that's unbroken, a wig nicely tied,
Is the guide of our arms, and the general's pride.
This Putnam, this leader of th' Connecticuts,
Who a ball or a bayonet thruſts in your guts,
With all that compoſure and deliberation,
That miniſters ruin a King and his nation.
This Putnam, this baby, this child of threeſcore,
His tacticks were taught in an old Pruſſian corps:
And therefore pray tell me what can be expected,
From one ſo inform'd and ſo badly directed?
For he that requir'd a true orthodox knowledge,
Would take his degrees at the court, not the college:
And he that ſought manners would travel to Ruſſia,
Not go for a knowledge of tacticks to Pruſſia.—
So you find that this man by his poor information,
Is very inferior to thoſe of our nation;
Who have ſeen upon Blackheath and Wimbleton plains,
Nay all the reviews between Harwich and Staines:
Have oft' been intrench'd too at Acton and Brantford
And paſs'd over the bridges of Kingſton & Cranford:
Have charg'd and retreated at Bagſhot and Ealing,
And return'd into quarters with trophies, of ſtealing.
With theſe when oppos'd all your Putnams muſt
O witneſs the glories on New Boſton-neck! [wreck,
For the gen'ral with wiſdom, mix'd up with ſome ſpite,
Pull'd down a redoubt that was raiſ'd in a night,

Which coſt him two thouſands, or ſomething above;
This manœvre he tells with the voice of a dove:
For Lord what are men—but the graſs of the fields,
Which as the ſcythe glides moſt compliacently yields.
Beſides, if a gen'ral expends all his ſtore, [more:
If he does but demand—why, we'll ſend him ſome
For it is but the ſending a calf-ſkin about,
And rub-a-dub-dub—makes at once a recruit:
But if you will credit the word of a jade,
As men, there is nothing ſo eaſily made.
So if you make uſe now of all you have got,
By cannon, by water, ſword, bayonet, ſhot;
We'll ſend you ſome more, without fearing or caring
And hope you will neither be baſhful or ſparing:
For who can a general's conduct condemn,
Who like a true hero expends all his men?
But pray do not cram the poor creatures in holes,
As Putnam hath done his American ſouls.
So we beg you to bury the chief of the corpes,
For which we've remitted you coffins by ſcores.
We hope our good-nature will no ways alarm ye,
We would muſh to be thought deadly good to our army,
No officer ſure 's ſo much of a worm,
To prefer a dull life to a burial in form:
And therefore we ſhew this attention to birth,
That ye may be like gentl men put in the earth.
But if there are ſome who theſe honours refuſe,
Nor care like true heroes to die in their ſhoes;
Like fools let them come to their homes and their wives, [live.
And in peace, love, and plenty conclude their dull
For his Majeſty, bleſs him's ſo lov'd thro' the iſle,
That we'll give all he aſks—when he deigns us a ſmile: [ran over,
And when Serjeants all Ireland and Britain have
He hath ſtill a ſupply, more ſtho' than Hanover.

And if we may guess by the white present breed,
Like Devils they'll fight—and like bullocks they'll bleed:
So pray spare not men, for indeed we're no sunkers,
Tho' of dead you pile hills up, like Winter and Bunkers.
What are men but earth's refuse, poor paltry things,
Created to bleed for the pastime of Kings?
For why for his navy th ould Georgius despond,
Like an adm'ral he sails, with the Prince in a pond:
And nought than his guns are more harmless & civil,
With C-u-m-s they're cover'd to keep them from evil.
But again to this letter-heroic of Gage
With a margin of black and a bloody red page:
The gen'ral he tells us, "Two thousand were slain,
That his standard of victory flew o'er the plain:
That he cut up the yankies so small on the ground,
That only one hundred and thirty were found:
That if they had staid he had minced them more,
But they carried them off, both behind and before;
Or stop'd them in holes—or the Devil knows where,
For they were not on earth, in the sea, or the air.
For indeed, my good Lord, at this same present writing, [fighting.
That Putnam's damn'd fly—in his burying and
But we'd all disadvantages men could sustain,
Tho' by batt'ries assisted on shore and the main;
And yet these undisciplin'd, spiritless yankies,
Play'd hell with our centre, as well as our flankies.
Our col'nels, our majors, our captains, lieutenants,
At least ninety-two,—were at once made death's tenants: [yield,
And our victory to prove—and that Britons wont
I have left thirteen hundred, who wont quit the field,
Such, such is the news, which the Cerberus brings,
And barks in the ears of the bravest of Kings.

And while I am able to ſign but a letter,
If I never ſend worſe—may I never ſend better "
Now *Tandwich*, *Gower*, *Dartmouth*, *lords Suffolk & North*,
Dull *Dyſon*, *Charles Jenkins*, *Gibby* come forth,
And boldly declare, without cracking of jokes,
If a grenadier's cap now can frighten theſe folks?
As for you my lord *Gower*, I would not wiſh to ſhock,
You have pledg'd us your head—and I've got a block:
The propoſal was yours—an' to keep up the joke,
Your head or my honour ſhall go at a ſtroke.
As for you *Jemmy Twitcher*, ſo ſhambling and gay,
Who cannot be cull while illumin'd by *Ray*,
Tho' you wield the old trident quite ruſty on ſhore,
The *Yankies* reſpect *you* no more than lord *Gower*:
For tho' preſs-gang *you* ſent to the old *Stygian* coaſt,
To bring 'hore the peer Admiral *Warren*'s p or ghoſt?
Yet what of their courage *you've* wantonly ſaid,
Is as baſeleſs in truth as Sir *Peter*'s *poor ſhade*.
Alas! *my poor peer*, pray believe what I write,
No *canſtarides* need *they*, to ſtir them to fight:
And as for *your* ſhips they will do little good,
Unleſs they can ſail over mountains of *wood*
For ſo long is their coaſt (not one bit of it barren)
That *you* they *defy*—like dead Admiral *Warren*
For ſend *what you will*—or far, little, *or* tall,
The *Bobadil Putnam will murder them all*.
What *you've* ſent 'em already has juſt broke their faſt,
For like devils *they'll* eat—and will fight to the laſt;
Now in this kind of fighting I prove there is odds,
You ſend men to the Devil—*they* ſaints to the Gods;
And may we believe but our *eyes* and *our ears*
We've made more in *four months* than the *thouſand* laſt *years*,
And if it is true, as aſtronomers ſay,
They find out new ſtars in the old milky way,
As often as they put on the tube to their eyes,
So quick do theſe *Yanks* take their ſeats in the ſkies:
And therefore I think we'll beſt kiſs and be friends,
For vice muſt be beat that with virtue contends.

AMEN.